STRAVINSKY: *Benjamin Boretz*

THE NATION

JULY 28, 1962 . . 25c

Saskatchewan

DOCTORS vs. THE PEOPLE

Mark Gayn

The Turn Toward Politics:

I

PEACE TAKES to the HUSTINGS

Mary M. Grooms

II

FREEDOM RIDERS to the POLLS

Staughton Lynd

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LETTERS

India and the Nagas

Dear Sirs: Re George N. Patterson's article, "India's Unreported War," in your June 16 issue, I call your attention to the fact that a somewhat similar article by him published on June 17 in the London *Observer* elicited the following comment from the Indian High Commission in London:

"The policy followed by the Indian Government in Nagaland is one of protecting the vast majority of peaceful Nagas against violent terrorist and brutal activities of a misguided minority of hostile Nagas. The Indian Government has created a separate autonomous State of Nagaland and unified Naga areas into one entity protecting their tribal customs and rights.

"The Naga Administration is headed by a Naga leader with the Executive Council composed entirely of Nagas, elected by Naga people themselves. . . . It is the Naga hostile minority which has committed atrocities on peaceful Nagas. The role of the Indian forces in Nagaland is one of protecting peaceful citizens against such atrocities. . . .

"The Naga problem, like other internal problems in any country, is one for the Government and the people of India to consider and solve and it is, in fact, near solution with the creation of an autonomous State of Nagaland within the Indian Union."

S. D. KALELKAR
Chief, Information Division
Washington, D.C. Embassy of India

FCC and Wire Tapping

Dears Sirs: In recent weeks, Congress has been considering proposals which would legalize wire tapping in certain defined situations. . . . I will not repeat the arguments against wire tapping so admirably set forth by Senator Long in your issue of July 14. It is important to note, however, that existing law on the subject is confused and unsatisfactory. I have therefore introduced legislation which simply and clearly prohibits all forms of wire tapping by forbidding either interception or divulgence of messages. The real question involved is one of enforcement.

Quite simply, we have no police to police the police in this matter. It is difficult to believe that enforcement officers who themselves are directly interested in the fruits of wire tapping will prosecute others for this offense. Indeed, in the fall of 1959, Attorney General William P. Rogers could write, "There is no record of prosecution by the Federal Government . . . of local law enforcement officers who have intercepted and divulged. . . ."

If the normal enforcement agency is unlikely to do the job, it would seem wise to apply the old American concept of "checks and balances." What I have in mind is quite simple: Only an independent, disinterested agency could reasonably be expected objectively to investigate known or suspected wire tapping offenses. Such an agency, fortunately, is at hand: The Federal Communications Commission is fully authorized to investigate and publicize all aspects of wire tapping. Though FCC has taken little interest in this question, a forceful and determined leadership within the commission could do much to end the practice without changing the law.

Specifically, the FCC could (1) require all telephone companies to report all instances of detections of wire tapping; (2) require all telephone companies to investigate suspected wire tapping; (3) make public reports from the companies. Investigation, with public reporting, would open the way for criminal prosecution and actions against state officials.

Public interest in this question, and a direct concern by the FCC, could obviate the need for new legislation and restore meaning and dignity to the ideal of individual freedom that lies at the heart of our heritage.

ROBERT W. KASTENMEIER
Member of Congress (2nd Dist., Wis.)
Washington, D. C.

Virtues of a Critic

Dear Sirs: The Nation had an excellent music critic in Lester Trimble. Now, in Benjamin Boretz, it has the best music critic writing in America. . . . Mr. Boretz has erudition, insight, superb judgment and a fine prose style. He also has guts. . . . *The Nation* has always been outspoken in its political criticism, and it is good to see that this quality extends into the world of music. I am looking forward to reading Benjamin Boretz for many years to come.

Bayside, N. Y. MAX H. MASSEY

Peace Leader

Dear Sirs: This year marks the seventy-fifth birthday of Florence H. Luscomb, of Cambridge, Mass., whose personal history is the story of a lifelong dedication to the cause of freedom, justice and peace for all peoples. . . . We invite *Nation* readers to join in honoring this great lady by contributing to a fund to pay for her passage to the next meeting of the World Peace Council, to be held in Japan on the anniversary of Hiroshima Day. Checks should be made payable to: Florence H. Luscomb Travel Fund, and mailed to: Mrs. Emerson F. Moseley, Neck Lane, Centerville, Mass.

MARGARET MOSELEY
WILLARD UPHAUS

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

21 ●

ARTICLES

23 ● Saskatchewan: Doctors vs. the People
by MARK GAYN

The Turn Toward Politics:
27 ● 1. Peace Takes to the Hustings
by MARY M. GROOMS
29 ● 2. Freedom Riders to the Polls
by STAUGHTON LYND

32 ● Summer Camps Revisited
by HERMINE G. BASNIGHT

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

34 ● Stravinsky: a Flood of Genius
by BENJAMIN BORETZ
35 ● where the boat passes, improvise (poem)
by ARMAND SCHWERNER
36 ● Science as Literature
by HANS MEYERHOFF
38 ● The Rite (poem)
by CID CORMAN
39 ● Design
by WALTER McQUADE

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 40)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

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Max Kozloff, Art
Benjamin Boretz, Music
Carl Dreher, Science
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

A Scent on the Wind

Weapons procurement and graft have traditionally gone together. In the days of battleships, some patriotic steelmasters sold the Navy defective armor plate. In the Spanish-American War, some meatpackers supplied the Army with embalmed beef. In World War I, many American airmen died in "flying coffins." After World War II, the chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee went to jail for influence peddling. The cold war made military spending a mainstay of the economy; surprisingly, there has been little scandal. It would be pleasant to believe that the penchant for crookedness has diminished, but it is far more likely that progress has been made in the art of covering up. Even so, some familiar smells are beginning to appear.

Rep. Earl Wilson (R., Ind.) read into the *Congressional Record* of July 13 a series of stories by Charles Nicodemus in the *Chicago Daily News*. Robert Snoyer, president of Consad Corporation, a small West Coast electronics firm, wanted a Signal Corps contract. At Fort Monmouth, the vast research and procurement center of the Signal Corps in New Jersey, he was told by William Laverick, described as director of the production engineering department for the Army signal material support agency; Harrison F. Tryon, chief of the agency's logistics division, and Malcolm Schaefer, a former Signal Corps employee, that on payment of $48,000 he could be awarded a $2,400,000 contract for Army field-telephone switchboards. Snoyer protested that his firm could not afford $48,000 and the amount was reduced to $20,000.

The deal fell through and at some point Snoyer told his story to the *Chicago Daily News* and the FBI. The three accused men, according to the *Daily News* account, asked for $1,500 to cover the work they had done and to "grease the way" for future contracts. Acting under FBI instructions, Snoyer agreed to bring the money to the swank Shadow Brook restaurant in Shrewsbury, near Fort Monmouth. When he gave $850 in marked bills to Laverick and $650 to Tryon, both men were seized and arraigned before a U.S. Commissioner on charges of accepting bribes. Schaefer was arrested on a charge of aiding and abetting bribery.

The amounts involved are, of course, in the peanut class. More important are the cases of what, in Tammany Hall nomenclature, would be called honest graft, such as purchases by the Armed Services of material at several times what it is worth. Representative Wilson, a long-time critic of sole-source procurement practices, submitted some cases to the House Armed Services Subcommittee on Investigations. The price of AN/SPS-10 radars, negotiated by the Navy with Sylvania and DuMont, was $40,000 apiece. When open competition was introduced, Daystrom, Inc., bid $17,083 and won the contract. Sole-source negotiations with Collins Radio resulted in a price of $60,000 for the AN/WLR-1 electronic countermeasures receiver. Under competitive bidding the price dropped to $15,000 per system, with Sylvania on the winning end this time.

To conclude what could be a long list, AN/PRC-10, a portable radio set purchased by the Army Signal Supply Agency in large quantities, cost $404 apiece from firms like Admiral Corporation, RCA and Motorola, but at the first open competition the price dropped to $286 each for over 10,000 units. The remarkable thing about this case was that the award went to a Huntington, Ind., firm. For the most part, Midwest firms have had lean pickings; the gravy goes to five or six states, with California far in the lead. The contractors in the favored states are happy, but their good fortune is imperiled by their hungry brethren in defense backwaters like Illinois and Michigan. The Congressmen from the underprivileged states will go hunting for padded contracts and outright thievery, and it is a safe bet they will find both.

THE NATION'S SUMMER SCHEDULE

During July and August, *The Nation* is appearing on alternate weeks only. The next issue will be dated August 11.

Too Many People!

In publishing its *Adaptive Program for Agriculture*, the Research and Policy Committee of the Committee for Economic Development has earned the same cred for intrepidity that legend has bestowed on Hercu for cleaning out the Augean stable. Hercules, h

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ever, had a gimmick: he turned two rivers through the stable. The CED's gimmicks hold out less prospect of success.

The CED's five-year plan is designed to rid the United States of the incubus of farm subsidies and to restore a free-market agriculture. Government support would be adjusted to bring farm prices down to levels which, after the five-year transitional period, would be sustained by consumer demand. Thus cotton would fall from the current level of about 32 cents a pound to 22 cents, wheat from $2 a bushel to $1.35, corn from $1.20 a bushel to $1, and so on. The consumer and the taxpayer would rejoice. At the same time, in order to deter the farmer from reaching for his shotgun, in the first year of the plan he would receive the full difference between the subsidized price and the calculated free-market price. In the second year he would receive only 80 per cent of the difference, and after five years he would be a classical entrepreneur, standing on his two feet and receiving nothing from government.

By this time not only prices would have been slashed, but also the farm population. The farm labor force now stands at about 5.5 million and is diminishing, but not fast enough for the CED planners. They propose to cut it, at the rate of 400,000 to 500,000 a year, to an ultimate level of 3.5 million. The displaced farmers would be "retrained" — the same cure that is proposed for the factory and office workers displaced by automation. The government would provide other assistance, such as information about available non-farm jobs and relocation expenses. All this would cost money; but in five years, if the plan succeeds, the agony would be over and the current multi-billion-dollar government investment in surpluses would be only a bad memory.

In a modern complex economy, planning is a necessity and since our government does little planning except for armaments and space travel, there is every reason for private bodies to propose plans of their own. The CED agricultural plan, unfortunately, is based on hypotheses which are unlikely to work out in practice. There is no reason to believe that non-farm work can be found for ex-farm labor: rather, by all indications industry will have all it can do to take care of its own, not to speak of the over-all share of the "population explosion." The present barely tolerable level of unemployment is as likely to increase as to decrease. Another complication is noted by *The Washington Post* (July 16). Besides the 5.5 million farmers, 6 million persons are engaged in the farm-supply business, and some 10 million in processing, shipping and distributing farm products. Between 45 million and 50 million rural, non-farm people would also be affected. "The serious dislocation of this national rural community," the *Post* suggests, " . . . could so greatly diminish buying power in rural America that non-farm industry would be affected and its ability to absorb former farmers further diminished."

For America's present and growing population, industrial activity is far too low. Or, for the present level of industrial activity, the population is too high. People may be our most precious resource, but we don't know what to do with them. The CED does not know any more than do the rest of us.

Hail, Telstar

The Nation does not wish to be churlish about the achievement of transatlantic television, but the uproar which has been raised in the press and on the air waves requires no augmentation by this journal. The press obliged by providing a christening as dazzling as any the American Telephone & Telegraph Company could wish for. The imagination of the civilized world, we are told, was captured by "the lofting into the heavens of a bejeweled sphere crammed with man-made magic wands that turn blips and beeps into sights and sounds." Telstar has given "new luster to that oft-whipped old goat, Free Enterprise"; its launching is "a proud example of how government and industry can work together for mutual benefit." And, of course the Soviets are now shown up as a bunch of jerks, with sophisticated U. S. technology flying rings around "the big-thrust, small-yield accomplishments of the Soviet Union."

With all due respect to the Bell Labs staff and the other engineers involved, this is laying it on a bit thick. The fact is that in the last few decades microwave technology has been developed to a point where extension into space was clearly within the state of the art. Once the rocket put the satellite in orbit (which was solely NASA's job) it was reasonably certain that the system would work. Reliability is something that still remains to be tested.

Nor does anyone know, at this stage, whether a low-to-medium-altitude system is the best type of communications satellite. To provide continuous service with this system, between thirty and fifty Telstars would have to be put in orbit, with the ground stations switching from one to another as they come into range. There may be equal or greater difficulties with a synchronous system, using satellites in an equatorial 22,300-mile orbit; if it works, only three satellites will be needed.

The private-enterprise hoopla is likewise much overdone. Most of the work was accomplished at public expense and no small part of it in government laboratories. A.T.&T. has made a great point of its expenditures, but, as Senator Kefauver points out in *The New York Times* (July 18), "Telstar will cost the A.T.&T. stockholder absolutely nothing, contrary to A.T.&T. representations. Every single penny spent will be covered by the taxpayer and the telephone user; every single

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dollar that will not be deducted from A.T.&T.'s taxes will be passed along to the telephone user."

Perhaps the most brilliant part of the achievement is its timing. In the mind of any thoughtful person, there must be the gravest doubt that the communications satellite system should be turned over to private interests dominated by one vast corporation. While the legislation to this end is still pending — and so far quite inadequately debated — A.T.&T. grabs the spotlight. It may be a great technological achievement, but the congratulations should go in even greater measure to the A.T.&T. press agents and lobbyists.

The Dirty War

In relation to the United States, South Vietnam looks more and more like Algeria in relation to France during the seven-year war. Even *Time*, which rejoices in the slaughter of alleged Communists anywhere in the world, calls the Vietnamese war a "bitter, dirty guerrilla struggle." Under the caption "Swimming Lesson," *Time* describes the treatment of two Viet Cong youths, fifteen and nineteen, found hiding in a canal by Vietnamese government troops "advised" by American officers. The older boy's jaw was forced open and five gallons of water from a rusty old can were "gradually" poured into his mouth. "The youth gagged and screamed," *Time* relates, "but refused to talk, even when prodded with a rifle butt." *Time* then reassures the squeamish reader: the water treatment "was more frightening than hurtful."

All in all, *Time* finds the situation getting better. A *New York Times* account, cabled a few days later by Robert Trumbull, sounds a more somber note. Over the July 14 weekend, ten Americans were killed or presumed dead, and responsible observers in the American Army engaged in South Vietnam expect the casualty lists to mount. That Army (and Air Force) now numbers 8,000 men. The Viet Cong can muster some 25,000. There are perhaps six Vietnamese government soldiers to every rebel, but somehow the Viet Cong holds its own. With the rainy season, operations will become more difficult for both sides, but the Viet Cong, accustomed to living in the jungle and without heavy equipment, will be hampered less than the South Vietnamese forces, whom we have provided with heavy vehicles and armor. Moreover, as the weather worsens, U. S. air transport, napalm bombings and other amenities will be less available to defend against expected Viet Cong attacks.

The dirty war may not be lost by the United States, but neither will it be won. At the expense of mounting American casualties, it will drag on. As long as President Ngo Dinh Diem and his collection of gangsters and grafters hold power, there is no hope of peace. The Americans who die do not even have the consolation of giving their lives in a good cause. The Viet Cong proposal, reported from Tokyo by the A.P. under a July 17 date line, for a Laos-type solution, has no chance at this point. There is no telling whether such a formula will work in Laos, much less in South Vietnam. But if it does work in Laos, it would be criminal folly to refuse to consider the idea for South Vietnam.

SASKATCHEWAN

DOCTORS vs. THE PEOPLE . . *by Mark Gayn*

Toronto, July 20

CARL ALEXANDER DERHOUSOFF, aged nine months, fell ill on Saturday afternoon, June 30. He developed a mild fever, and his parents assumed he was teething. Little could be done about it anyway, for their village of Usherville is a doctorless dot lost in the wheat country of Eastern Saskatchewan. On Sunday morning, July 1, the child's condition turned worse. The Derhousoffs' neighbors offered to drive them to the nearest doctor. Mrs. Derhousoff climbed into the back seat of the car, with the boy in her arms.

The hospital at Preeceville, twenty-two miles away, was closed to patients. "There's usually a doctor in Preeceville," the father said later. "We tried phoning him, but the operator said the doctors were taking no telephone calls after 12:01 that Sunday morning."

Canora, thirty-six miles farther, also has a hospital. It was also closed, and no doctors could be found in the town. The next stop was to be in Yorkton, eighty-five miles from Usherville. But a few miles before they reached it, Mrs. Derhousoff said, the boy "suddenly stiffened in my arms and stopped breathing." There was a hospital in Yorkton offering "emergency service," and the doctor on duty was able to confirm Carl's death by meningitis.

Could the boy's life have been saved if the hospitals had been open in Preeceville and Canora, or even if the doctors had been willing to answer their telephone calls? The coroner will not rule on this until July 30. But in the minds of many, Carl Derhousoff was the first casualty of the strike that most of the 900 doctors of Saskatchewan declared in the opening minute of that

MARK GAYN is an editorial writer for the Toronto Star.

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Sunday morning—at the moment that the provincial Medical Care Insurance Act was put into effect.

LITTLE Carl's death is a symbol of the fear and the confusion, distress and controversy that have held this province in their grip since July 1. Normally, Saskatchewan is a tranquil region of wheat fields spreading as far as the eye can see, of small and quiet towns, and of people with decided ideas on social justice. In every provincial election since 1944, they have been voting in a mildly Socialist government. But they have also sent to the House of Commons in Ottawa a small-town criminal lawyer with a vocal concern for the civil liberties. His name is John Diefenbaker, and for the past five years he has been the Conservative Prime Minister of Canada.

The tranquillity, the balance, the ideas of what is just and what is not—all these are no more. The dispute on the rights and wrongs of the doctors' strike has divided Saskatchewan into hostile camps. Families have been split in two, and old friendships broken. Class has been set against class with a bitterness unseen for decades in this largely rural province. The church is divided, with the Anglican, United Church and Roman Catholic leaders urging moderation, but with many individual clergymen and priests joining in the growing chorus of hate. The larger newspapers in the province—and the television and radio stations they control—have become unabashed champions of the striking doctors. And those who favor the medical-care act—including the government itself—found that the best way to reach the public was by buying advertising space and time. But even hard cash is no assurance the message will reach the public. A large group of professors from the University of Saskatchewan collected money for a broadcast by two visiting medical reporters, known to be in favor of the act. The TV station taped the broadcast, but let it be known that the program could not be shown until after the anti-government demonstration in Regina on July 11. Nothing was to dampen the spirits of the prospective marchers.

A spirit of violence is abroad. The striking doctors, the non-striking doctors newly arrived from Britain, the College of Physicians and Surgeons (which has been directing the strike), the members of the Medical Care Commission, and Saskatchewan's Premier, Woodrow Lloyd, have been receiving threatening calls and letters. Among the numerous letters in Mr. Lloyd's "poison mail" there was one from a doctor who signed it, "In eternal hatred, yours. . . ." Some letters are scatological. In the town of Swift Current, in which a public medical-care plan has been in operation for many years, many of the doctors fled with their families because of threats. And at least one leading advocate of the medical-care act has been forced out of his job by his employer.

THE NERVE center of the strike is the Saskatchewan College of Physicians and Surgeons, headed by Dr. H. D. Dalgleish. It is lavish in its expenditures, well-staffed, and intransigent to the point where even many of the striking doctors feel their image is being hurt. Its informal "citizens' organization" is "Keep Our Doctors" (KOD) Committee. But KOD has been speaking with such shrill tones that some alarmed merchants and professional people have now formed a parallel body called SOS, or "Save Our Saskatchewan." SOS is shying away from KOD, and its prime concern is that (in the words of its spokesman) "if a large firm is thinking of locating here, it might not come, thinking this is anarchy."

Typical of KOD activities are the mass meetings it has been sponsoring all across the province. One of its star performers has been Father Athol Murray, the white-haired principal of Notre Dame College at Wilcox, a village twenty-eight miles south of Regina. At a meeting in Saskatoon, according to the Saskatoon *Star-Phoenix*, Father Murray was at his most forceful:

> Tossing aside his coat and clerical collar, the priest shouted, "There are three Reds here. I can't see them; I can smell them. You, Communists, may think that we're naive and hollow-chested, but we gave 100,000 boys fighting for the freedom you are fighting against. You Reds, I want you to know that we're proud as hell to be Canadians. . . . I loathe the welfare state and I love the free-swinging doms. I am seventy and I'll never ask for old age pension—to hell with it—I want to be free."

Although he was scheduled to speak at the long-heralded Regina march on the Legislature on July 11, Father Murray was not there. But the rally featured much the same oratory as his, and the more intemperate the speeches, the better they were received by the crowd. There were shouts of "Amen Brother" and "You tell them," and an NBC reporter noted it was "just like covering the anti-integration meetings in the South." During the rally, they hanged Premier Lloyd in effigy; they waved placards reading, "Welcome to Red Square" and "We need our doctors—we don't need our government"; and they presented Premier Lloyd with a three-foot-wide petition tied with a green bow and carried by eleven persons from KOD.

A great deal of money and effort went into the Regina demonstration. But, in the end, only 4,000 people showed up, and, except for the inflammatory speeches and posters, it looked much like a country picnic.

THE government had dreaded the demonstration, for fear it might lead to violence. When the rally failed, the spirits of those who back the medical-care plan went up. But it would be wrong to think that the failure of the demonstration meant that the people are emotionally uninvolved, or that they largely favor the medical-care plan. Public passions are high, the reactions change from day to day, and the people are confused. The best witness is Mrs. Vicky Derhousoff. After burying her infant son, she said:

"My baby died in my arms and I blame the government of Saskatchewan. If they had not forced the doctors to strike, my Carl would be alive today. . . . I have been against the medical plan from the start. It's too darned expensive and Pete has been out of a job since last fall."

The current crisis did not descend on Saskatchewan unheralded. Ever since a fiery little Baptist ex-preacher named "Tommy" Douglas led the

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Socialists (then known as the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation or CCF) to power in the province back in 1944, universal medical care has stood high on his platform. In 1947, the Socialist-dominated Legislature enacted a provincial hospital-care insurance plan (which two years ago was taken over by the rest of the nation). In December, 1959, Mr. Douglas announced his government would introduce a prepaid and universal medical-care insurance plan. With the provincial election scheduled for June 8, 1960, health-care insurance for all became the prime, if not the only, issue in the campaign. (Up to this point, the province had had no publicly supported medical-insurance plan with the exception of the regional one centered in Swift Current. There was, however, extensive use of private medical insurance provided by organizations similar to the American Blue Shield.)

THE Saskatchewan College of Physicians and Surgeons took up the challenge. Five weeks before the election, it denounced the plan, and urged the public to turn it down at the polls. The 900 doctors in the province were assessed $100 each for a war chest. At the same time, the Canadian Medical Association sent to Saskatchewan two Toronto public-relations men, equipped with ideas supplied by the American Medical Association. Quickly, they prepared and mailed campaign kits to doctors throughout the province. Eventually the college came to regret these handouts, which included a model speech for any doctor who wanted to go campaigning. The speech told the voters that the proposed law offered a threat to certain Roman Catholic dogmas, and that it would expose each patient's personal problems and diseases to government knowledge. "Patients would become just a number, as happened in other countries." Another pamphlet — whose preachments seem to have remained alive to this day—predicted the doctors would leave Saskatchewan en masse if the medical-care plan was put into effect: "They will have to fill the profession with the garbage from Europe. Some of the European doctors are so bad we wonder if they ever practiced before coming here."

When the votes had been counted, the Socialists retained the same number of seats—thirty-eight—that they had in the previous Legislature. The other seventeen were taken by the Liberals, whose position on medical care could be described as, "In principle we think it's a good thing, but it needs further study."

On November 17, 1961, the Legislature approved a bill establishing a prepaid and universal medical-insurance plan for the province. Taxes were provided to pay for part of the expenses of the plan; the balance was to come from the annual fee of $12

Macpherson: Toronto Star

'Wouldn't you rather be dead than Red?'

for a single person and $24 for a family. By and large, the forty-nine clauses of the act were not as all-embracing as Britain's medical-care plan. For one thing, the new law did not provide for drugs. Another one of its flaws was that some of its paragraphs were loosely worded to provide for unexpected eventualities. The doctors claimed these generalities were meant to be used later to convert them into civil servants.

Even as the legislative machinery was turning the act out, the College of Physicians was girding itself for the new battle. The few leading doctors who favored the act — including Alexander Robertson, chairman of the college's salaried doctors' branch—were ousted from the executive. The direction of the college fell into the hands of a few intractable city doctors who saw in the act a threat to their freedom as well as their income (an average of $18,000 after expenses for Saskatchewan, as compared to the Canada-wide average of $15,000). This was socialism, regimentation, interference with the doctors in their professional duties.

The Canadian Medical Association backed the Saskatchewan College of Physicians to the full. It saw in the act the opening wedge of a national medical-care plan, to which it was vehemently opposed. It also sensed that Saskatchewan was a good battlefield, for the position of the Socialists seemed shaky. "Tommy" Douglas had left the provincial scene to become national leader of the New Democratic Party (which last year displaced the CCF). In his place came Woodrow Lloyd, who did not seem to have "Tommy's" old political wizardry.

Thus comforted by the Canadian Medical Association—and by the American Medical Association, which also had a vested interest in the fight —the Saskatchewan college went into the fray. It would not negotiate with Premier Lloyd until the law was scrapped—a demand unacceptable in any society of law. It also scoffed at all his compromise proposals.

THESE concessions were far-reaching indeed. As originally written, the act authorized the Medical Care Commission to "make regulations . . . prescribing the terms and conditions in which physicians and other persons may provide insured services. . . ." And an amendment to the act passed by the Legislature last April designated the Medical Care Commission as the patient's agent in dealing with the doctors—unless the patient expressly denies such authority. The College of Physicians objected strongly to both clauses —the first on the ground that it would turn physicians into employees of the government, the second because the doctors did not want anyone, and especially a government agency, intruding into physician-patient relationships.

On June 22 and again on June 26 —the latter date only four days before the doctors' strike began—Premier Lloyd made a public commitment that the two clauses would be stricken from the act.

After the strike began, Mr. Lloyd made further compromises. He pledged that the act would be revised so that any doctor who did not wish to practice under it could

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practice outside of it. He pledged, further, a revision which would allow doctors who did not want to have direct contact with the Medical Care Commission to present their bills to their patients, who in turn would be compensated by the state. And he undertook still another amendment: any patient could, by filling out a simple form, stay out of the plan, although he would still be required to pay his annual $12 fee.

All these concessions were in vain. Early last month, the college advised the 150 hospitals in the province to dismiss all but the most serious cases among their patients. In the middle of June, it designated thirty-four hospitals as "emergency centers," in which "emergency" cases alone would receive treatment from "volunteer" doctors. (These would take no fees so as not to fall under the provisions of the act.) Doctors' offices bloomed with signs announcing that no medical care would be available after July 1. Premier Lloyd's desperate, last-minute efforts to negotiate went unheeded. On the stroke of midnight, on June 30, the historic strike was on. And, as newspapers throughout North America quickly grasped, this was not Saskatchewan's battle alone. The fate of medical-care plans for the entire continent was being decided in this prairie province.

EVEN before the strike was called, the government sent Dr. Sam Wolfe to London with orders to hire twelve physicians. There was some difficulty because the *British Medical Journal* and *Lancet* both declined to carry the provincial government's advertisement as "a fraternal courtesy" to the Canadian Medical Association, which had requested them not to do so. (Both have since editorially criticized the striking doctors.) But as word of the battle spread, the Saskatchewan House in London was besieged with applicants — some possibly tempted by the high pay (around $2,000 a month), but many motivated by the feeling that no doctor should refuse to heal the sick.

At first singly or in twos, later by the dozen, the doctors began to reach the province. By today their number exceeds fifty; eighty-four in all have already been hired, and some 120 other applications are being processed. Many doctors have also come from other parts of Canada and from the United States. Among the arrivals was also Horace Hanson, counsel for the Group Health Association of America, come to help doctors under attack by organized medicine.

For this has now become the prime, and the ugliest, facet of the struggle in Saskatchewan. As the new doctors came into a town deserted by its own physicians, they often ran into deliberate obstruction and harassment by the hospital staffs, anesthetists, druggists and others involved in the profession of healing. In some cases, the hospital nurses had become a sort of an intelligence service for the striking doctors, informing them of everything that was being done by the non-striking physicians.

THE INSTANCES of harassment have been numerous and shocking.

Dr. Lyall Black, Edinburgh-educated, asked the other doctors in Kipling if they would assist him when he needed an anesthetist. They said no. He then proceeded to administer the anesthetics himself in eight maternity cases. "One of them involved complications. I managed all right but it wasn't a thing I'd care to do again."

Dr. Joseph Montgomery of Belfast arrived at the abandoned clinic in Arcola, Sask., to find all drugs and equipment gone. "There wasn't even a syringe." He went ahead nevertheless. In one instance, an Indian girl came to him with a broken arm. He should have put her arm in a sling, but could not because he had neither an anesthetist nor the needed facilities. The hospital board in Arcola used this failure as one of the arguments in demanding his removal from the town. He was moved elsewhere in the province. His parting words: "The things that happened to me are out of this world. It could only be matched in Russia."

Dr. Ida Fisher arrived in Biggar on the second day of the strike, and for six days worked almost around the clock, doing the work of four striking doctors. When the word trickled out that there was a doctor at the hospital, people began to arrive in numbers. Then, one day, she received almost simultaneously three serious accident cases, including a girl who had nearly been scalped. The doctor appealed for help to the striking doctors, but no help was given. She did as well as she could, but after the job was done, a member of the hospital board scurried around, asking even newspaper photographers if they would lend him color film. Color photographs of the sutures were later taken, and were used to drive Dr. Fisher out of the town, with the charge of incompetence.

She has since demanded that the College of Physicians investigate the charges. The trouble is that the college is, at one and the same time, her enemy, her judge and her Lord High Executioner. It has the power to deny her the license to practice in the province—a power that it did use against Dr. Gerhard Beck, a Florida physician, who did valiant work in one of the smaller towns. When he was denied the license, Dr. Beck went to work as an intern. He was soon accused of practicing medicine without a license, and given until nightfall to get out of Canada or be arrested. He left. But the truth is that the college can have no one arrested for practicing without a license. The legal penalty for the act is a small fine. (The Duval County, Fla., Medical Association has since entered the fray with the charge that Dr. Beck has not been its member—or a member of the American Medical Association—since 1953.)

In Prince Albert, Dr. O. K. Hjertaas saw his own clinic folded up under him by his doctor-partners. When the local papers reported all the three clinics in town would close on July 1, he had a radio station announce that his clinic would remain open. On Sunday night, July 1—just a few hours after Carl Derhousoff died in his mother's arms on a mad dash to a hospital—a little girl was brought to Dr. Hjertaas. He found that she had a dangerous bowel obstruction, requiring an operation. He telephoned his former physicians and asked them to provide an anesthetist. They refused. Dr. Hjertaas, they said, could either bring the girl to them for the opera-

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tion, or take her to Saskatoon. After long arguments, Dr. Hjertaas finally said that if they persisted, he would go on radio and television and tell the public what had happened. At this, they gave in and provided an anesthetist. But they also told him they would not do so again.

The catalogue of the ugly deeds done by the College of Physicians is long—and it must include the agony of the suffering who were left without medical care; the anxiety of parents with sick children (some of whom died for lack of adequate care); and those who had been callously put out of hospitals before the strike was called.

THE prospects of the historic struggle in Saskatchewan are obscure, for they are no longer confined to the medical-care plan. Other elements and other considerations have been introduced into the drama, and their impact is incalculable.

High-powered officials of the Canadian Medical Association have now moved into Saskatchewan to give counsel to the College of Physicians. Also, there has been a significant intervention from south of the border. Offers of financial help have been broadcast from the medical profession in Los Angeles. Also, medical associations throughout the United States have been offering lucrative jobs to the striking doctors. North Dakota, South Dakota, Iowa, Texas have all been shopping for freedom-loving physicians here. (A doctor from Aldin, Texas, arrived in Regina in the first week of July to offer jobs to the doctors who, he said, were doing "as great a thing for medicine as the heroes of the Alamo did for the independence of Texas.") The College of Physicians appears to have an almost inexhaustible source of money for its literature and TV and radio time.

But the doctors have now been joined by the politicians. The Saskatchewan Liberals, led by Ross Thatcher, a former Socialist, have moved into the battle in force. They man the "Keep our Doctors" committees. They fill the press and the air with anti-medical care—and anti-Socialist—cries. They have now also set the tone for a broad and determined campaign to brand the medical-care act as a Kremlin product. Mr. Thatcher himself, in a press interview, described the Saskatchewan Minister of Health, and one of the members of the Medical Care Commission, as Communists. Of the six others, he said, five were "political heelers." ("I don't want to sound like a Senator McCarthy. If you want anything more you can see my assistant. . . .")

In this campaign, the Liberals are receiving spirited support from the boards of trade, chambers of commerce, professional bodies and hospital boards—in many cases the same people wearing different hats. In the words of one *Toronto Star* reporter on the scene, "these people come forward with their wallets wide open." The goal now is to use the medical-care dispute to destroy the Socialist government in Saskatchewan for all time.

Yesterday the doctors changed their strategy from intransigence to a softer "No." They no longer demand that the government abandon or suspend the law before they end the strike. Now they are willing to return to work once the Legislature makes the changes they demand. But the changes they now want will negate some of the main purposes of the act.

Compromise is probably not far off. Once it is reached, the sights will be on the next election. The Liberals have already indicated that if they win in 1964, they will repeal the act. The significance of this for North America hardly needs underlining.

THE TURN TOWARD POLITICS

1. Peace Takes to the Hustings . . *by Mary M. Grooms*

In "Time for a New Politics," in our issue of May 26, Carey McWilliams pointed out that the peace movement, like the civil-rights movement in the South, is emerging as a political movement outside of the established organizations and parties. The fact of independence increases the potential of both for rescuing the American political scene from the stagnation into which it has fallen.

This article, and the article by Staughton Lynd which immediately follows, describe the turn toward politics that is manifest in both the peace movement and the desegregation fight. EDITORS.

SINCE the resumption of atmospheric tests by the United States, a new political mood has sprung up in the country: politics and the peace movement have suddenly discovered each other.

Today, in the peace movement, the great debate is not *whether* the movement should become political, but *how*. Should peace groups endorse or run candidates? Should the peace groups get together and form a third party? Or should they back issues and remain nonpartisan? Regardless of the different approaches, most peace groups appear to have decided, independently of one another, that they must participate in some manner in this fall's Congressional races.

In New England, the Political Action for Peace (PAX) is vigorously supporting candidates who will

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"inject new ideas into the political arena." PAX candidate H. Stuart Hughes, historian and Harvard University professor, is running for the Senate in Massachusetts; a PAX-supported candidate for Congress, William Hefner, is calling for the formation of a Peace Party to challenge the major parties (he believes the CND in England erred in working with the Labour Party). In Ithaca, New York, Cornell Professor Harrop Freeman, with the backing of the Voters for Peaceful Alternatives, is seeking the Democratic nomination and is assured of Liberal Party endorsement [see "Cornell: Campus Close-up," by Andrew Hacker, *The Nation,* May 19]. In Southern California, the local SANE chapter and Women's Strike for Peace partici-

—Buffalo News

pated in a primary fight for encouraging its people, as individuals, to do precinct work for three "peace candidates" (two of the three won the Democratic nominations in spite of opposition attempts to smear them with "disloyalty" charges).

In Connecticut, last week, Representative Frank Kowalski sought and lost the Democratic nomination for the Senate; he may run as an independent. In Iowa, Republican Herbert F. Hoover is running on a peace platform that centers on the use of farm surpluses to feed the world's hungry people. In Seattle, Washington, Platform for Peace is lobbying and supporting candidates in the Pacific Northwest.

In all, more than thirty clearly identifiable peace candidates will run in Senate and Congressional races this fall—and for the first time they will have considerable organized support. Dr. Leo Szilard has organized a council of scientists who will operate a "peace lobby" in Washington for the purpose of (1) financially supporting peace candidates and (2) setting up a research organization aimed at the pursuit of peace. His latest report indicates that enough people in the country have pledged 1 per cent to 3 per cent of their incomes to assure the council of $125,000 in its first year. Even the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, which in the past has tended to avoid political entanglement, is urging its members to work for peace candidates.

OTHERS in the peace movement feel that its main emphasis should be on issues, rather than candidates. Many of the newer people have faith in the ability of our present politicians to listen to the voice of the voters.

These people point out that past attempts in Congress to introduce peace legislation have been met with either hostility or apathy from the public. Congressmen who voted against the defense budget have been rarely returned to Congress. Even the major peace groups have been slow about supporting peace legislation.

Is it really fair to blame Congress when the voter, until recently, showed so little interest in peace issues? For example, in the 1950s, Representative Harold Ostertag, a conservative Republican from upstate New York, introduced a bill to establish a Department of Peace with a Secretary of Peace in the President's Cabinet. In March of 1956, Representative Ostertag stated on the floor of the House that "If we applied the same concentrated determination to building peace that we are now applying to, say, the development of intercontinental missiles and space satellites, we could achieve a breakthrough that would set us free from the threat of annihilation that now hangs over us." Unfortunately, he received practically no support. To the "old time" peace groups, he did not fit their stereotyped views of a "Peace Congressman," since he maintained it was necessary to keep a strong military arm until we were able to set up adequate peace machinery. The great bulk of his constituency was simply not interested.

In 1960, however, a political peace group was formed in Rochester, New York, called the Independent Political Forum. When the Forum asked Representative Ostertag to reintroduce his bill, he did so immediately—with some changes. His bill, H.R. 9742, would add to the present National Security Council the directors of the Disarmament Agency, the Agency for International Development, the U. S. Information Agency and other "peaceful" agencies. The new National Security and Peace Council would then establish a Peace College. In this way, Congressman Ostertag reasons, the National Security Council would be "charged with the responsibility of advising and recommending policies associated with our efforts toward achieving a just and lasting peace" as well as security. In other words, he is trying to make peace as important and as respectable as security in the eyes of the people.

A poll taken in eleven communities in six states for the Independent Political Forum described the bill and then asked: Would you prefer $450,000,000 to be spent for fallout shelters or a Peace College, expansion of peace agencies, etc.? 14.8 per cent preferred shelters; 67.8 per cent preferred the Peace College, and 17.4 per cent were undecided or chose neither. Mrs. Caroline Ramsay of Baltimore, Md., running for Congress, successfully used Representative Ostertag's bill as a campaign issue in winning the Republican primary.

Women's Strike for Peace, at its first convention in Ann Arbor, Michigan, last June, also adopted the attitude that many of the candidates and Congressmen of both major parties could be persuaded, if properly approached, to take more positive stands for peace. The Congress of Scientists on Survival (another newcomer to the peace movement) agreed at its recent sessions in New York that issues, rather than candidates, should be backed.

IN THE past, whenever the peace movement has been closely identified with partisan politics, results have not been altogether satisfactory. In England, the Committee for Nuclear Disarmament is associated with the Labour Party; peace forces in Eng-

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land must first take control of this party and then take control of the country via an election before it can hope for any real progress. In the meantime, the Conservatives can ignore them. In Canada, the most militant peace forces created the New Democratic Party; the effect was to split the peace vote, making it possible for the Conservative Party to remain in uneasy control.

Women's Strike for Peace wants to avoid being identified as a splinter of one party or another. The civil-rights movement wisely avoided the temptation to establish a third party; instead, it succeeded in getting the two major parties bidding for their vote. Thus, to succeed they need only muster a vote big enough to swing the balance of power.

THE women realize that their power is in the "swing" vote. They have organized an ambitious petition campaign to muster one million voters who will vote, not the party, but the issue. They point out that Mr. Kennedy won in 1962 by only 168,000 votes. Some election districts are won regularly by less than 100 votes. In a close contest, the women and their petition-signers could hold the balance of power.

The petition, addressed to candidates and party chairmen, states:

> Because the drift toward nuclear war threatens the very survival of life on earth, the time has come when personal and national interests must be secondary to the interests of all mankind. We who go to the polls in 1962—and those whom we elect there—will bear the gravest responsibility in the world's history.
>
> Therefore, we, the undersigned, promise our vote to the candidates, regardless of political party, who will actively support the following principles in their election campaigns and during their terms in office:
>
> 1. No more testing of nuclear weapons;
> 2. No further dispersion of nuclear arms;
> 3. Conversion of economy to peace basis;
> 4. Continuation of disarmament negotiations until agreement is reached;
> 5. Expansion of peace agencies, i.e., Disarmament Agency, etc.;
> 6. Action in areas where agreement has been reached, such as exploration of outer space;
> 7. Strengthening the peace-keeping machinery of the U.N.

The women plan to use the petition to force rival candidates for office into real debate. This approach, they point out, is far less expensive than backing candidates or starting a new party—and it is faster.

In New York State, the stage is now being set for such a debate. Senator Jacob Javits (R.), up for re-election, told the Rochester *Times-Union* that the "three major issues this fall will be peace, the rate of economic growth and equal opportunities for all people." He told the Independent Political Forum that "of course" he concurred with many points of the petition, but that he had "little patience with people who just want us to stop testing regardless of what the Russians do."

As the peace movement becomes increasingly political, it will be increasingly respected. The candidates who continue to do homage to the corpse of McCarthyism, and the peace workers who continue to fear it, will be left behind. Whereas SANE continues to feel it is political suicide to attend peace conferences attended or organized by Communists, the Women's Strike for Peace, in a no-nonsense, feminine approach, points out that we will never reach an understanding with the Russians about the survival of mankind if we are afraid to talk to them. One woman, asked if she wasn't afraid that the Communists might take over the Women's Strike for Peace, responded in eager fashion: "Do you know a Communist? Would you go get her? I'm working twenty hours a day for peace. I'd just *love* for someone to come take over a little typing and answer the phone." She reports, in mock disappointment, that no one seems to be able to find her a Communist willing to work that hard.

THIS is typical of the saucy, good-humored and optimistic approach of the women's groups and the independent, local peace groups which have sprung up around the country. They have brushed aside all the old stereotypes and are busily trying to save the world in the best American tradition. They are democratic and creative and not afraid to use their Constitutional rights. In contrast with the cynicism of many old-time liberals, they have a deep faith in their fellow man and in their own abilities to affect the course of events.

By 1964, this energetic group is determined to make peace the dominant issue in the Presidential campaign.

2. Freedom Riders to the Polls . . *by Staughton Lynd*

Atlanta, Ga.

AT THE WEEK-LONG convention here of the NAACP, delegates repeatedly heard their leaders tell them to "go political." "The ballot is one of the most vital instruments of power," said Bishop Spottswood, chairman of the board of directors. Clarence Mitchell, director of the organization's Washington bureau, spoke of a "Civil Rights Party" to open the way for more than token appointment of Negroes to high political positions. "If you think you will ever get these things without the ballot," echoed James Nabrit, president of Howard University, "you don't belong in the twentieth century"; the white man, Nabrit continued, is "motivated by respect for the black vote." And Martin Luther King added, "With the ballot, we will be able to elect Negro Congressmen right here in the South."

A year ago, student activists in the Southern civil-rights movement would have dismissed this appeal with a smilingly contemptuous reference

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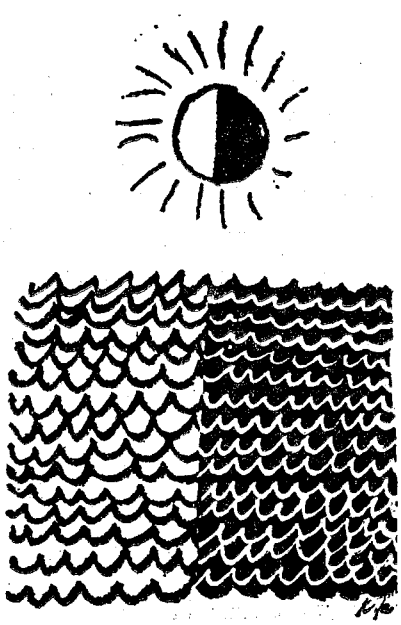
to NAACP conservatism. At that time, voter registration, like reliance on the courts, seemed to the students a siren song designed to lure them away from the new frontier of direct action. Freedom Rides and the concept of "jail without bail" then held the center of the stage. As recently as last December, the Albany (Ga.) Movement provided the most dramatic example of mass direct action since Montgomery. Events in that city embodied all three elements of a new direct-action strategy which then seemed in the making: (1) The resolve, by accepting jail without bail, to "wear them down with our suffering" rather than to coerce through legal or economic pressure; (2) the combination of local initiative with the supporting participation of outsiders (notably, in the case of Albany, several workers of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee who had been active there throughout the fall); (3) the involvement of all groups in the Negro community in civil disobedience—all prepared to accept imprisonment rather than to endure injustice. A strategy developing along these lines would have brought the American movement much more closely into line with the Gandhian precedents which it has always professed to follow.

AS IT TURNED out, however, the Albany Movement, and with it the entire civil-rights movement, took a different course. Within hours of Dr. King's appeal for a national pilgrimage to Albany, local leaders of the protest entered into a compromise agreement. The imprisoned (Dr. King among them) came out of jail. The students expelled from Albany State College, and the Albany workers of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, turned to voter registration. (Today's recurrence of tension in Albany arises out of the initial direct-action policies. But as late as June 2, Dr. King told his followers: "The central front . . . is that of suffrage.")

Two months later, here in Atlanta, a similar transition occurred in the work of the Committee on Appeal for Human Rights. This is the committee of students at the Atlanta University Center which initiated and led the successful 1960-1961 campaign to integrate department store lunch-counters in Atlanta. After lunch-counter integration came off peacefully in the early fall, COAHR started negotiations on integration of Atlanta movie theatres. Such behind-the-scenes work lacked the drama of the mass actions of preceding years, and complaint was widely voiced that the "spirit" of earlier campaigns had evaporated. Perhaps in response to this criticism, the committee launched a dramatic action in February to celebrate the second anniversary of the beginning of the sit-in movement. The action, designed to desegregate the galleries of the Georgia Capitol, eventually misfired, and an unanticipated peripheral demonstration at segregated Grady Hospital resulted in several unplanned arrests. Shaken by adult criticism of these events, the student committee turned its attention to voter registration.

As spring passed into summer, almost every other Southern civil-rights organization — including the Southern Regional Council, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, the Southern Project of the National Student Association, the Committee on Appeal for Human Rights, and the Albany Movement —gave the impression of putting more and more time and energy into the hitherto neglected work of voter registration. Summer registration drives in selected communities; the coordination of various organizations' registration work under a paid full-time director; monthly workshops wherein Negro community leaders from all over the South are given "citizenship training" — all seemed signs of the new times.



WHY THE new emphasis on voter registration? One hears three sorts of explanation suggested.

1. Direct action, even when coupled with resort to the courts, just hasn't done the job. Albany itself was a striking example of the fact that direct action has been required not only to obtain court decisions, but to enforce them (the immediate cause of the Albany Movement was the arrest of students using the bus terminal on an integrated basis, *after* the ICC ruling had supposedly solved this problem). School integration, at the present rate, would take a century (this figure is actually over-optimistic because it includes the relatively rapid progress of the Upper South). Moreover, some kinds of segregation do not seem susceptible to direct-action techniques—particularly discrimination in employment and (to a lesser extent) in housing, the two forms of discrimination underlying the continuing segregation in the North.

2. Voter registration has shown its effectiveness in assisting direct action. A good example was Nashville, Tennessee, where in the intervals between direct-action projects, students turned their attention to registration. Participants believe that this two-pronged attack had much to do with the spectacular success at Nashville in opening up facilities in the central city. There may well be a correlation between the number of registered Negro voters in a locality and the degree to which direct-action campaigns succeed quickly and peacefully.

3. The Kennedy Administration and private foundations have encouraged voter registration rather than civil disobedience. This story is told in Capter 17 of Louis Lomax's book, *The Negro Revolt*. All civil-rights organizations carry an enormous financial burden because of the resourcefulness of Southern states in devising ever-new grounds for jailing civil-rights workers. Foundation money, with the quiet sup-

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port of the Department of Justice in the background, is tempting indeed.

These inducements to voter-registration campaigning are the more persuasive because of a general sense of uneasiness about the official nonviolent ideology of the civil-rights movement. Viewing social change in the South as a whole, the South has desegregated only when it has been *forced* to do so. This is not to say that the avoidance of violence is a little matter: far from it. But nonviolence in the sense of avoiding bloodshed is not equivalent to nonviolence in the sense of transforming hostility into love. Direct action has been supplemented by the coercive machinery of the courts, and the direct action itself has succeeded primarily through the coercion of economic boycotts.

In summary, almost a decade after *Brown v. Board of Education* and the Montgomery boycott, the strategy of direct-*cum*-legal action has failed to prove itself a comprehensive instrument of social change. It is very slow and very expensive. It is better suited to some kinds of desegregation than to others. Its dramatic victories are too often unenforced. Hence the turning of the civil-rights movement toward voter registration and political action, a turning which foundation money and the present Administration have been only too glad to foster.

THE TURN toward political action is both an opportunity and a danger for the civil-rights movement.

The opportunity should be obvious. Exactly a century ago, the Abolitionist orator Wendell Phillips declared:

> The moment a man becomes valuable or terrible to the politician, his rights will be respected. Give the Negro a vote in his hand, and there is not a politician from Abraham Lincoln down to the laziest loafer in the lowest ward of this city, who would not do him honor. . . . Give a man his vote, you give him tools to work and arms to protect himself. The ballot is the true standing ground of Archimedes, planted on which a man can move his world.

Strong evidence to this effect is the fact that the era of Jim Crow legislation in the South — roughly, from 1895 to 1945 — coincides closely with the period in which the Southern Negro was almost totally deprived of the vote. In Louisiana, for example, there were 130,334 registered Negro voters in 1896, and 1,342 in 1904; in 1947, the figure was still no higher than 10,000 while by 1952 it had jumped back up to 120,000.[1] In 1958, the number of registered Negro voters in Louisiana was almost exactly what it had been sixty-two years earlier, 131,068.[2] In the same year, the total Negro registration in the South was about double what it had been ninety years before, at the height of Reconstruction. But whereas in 1868, something like 75 per cent of Southern Negroes of voting age were registered, in 1958 the figure was about 25 per cent (the figure for Southern whites in 1958 was about 60 per cent).[3]

THE importance of voter registration is particularly striking in the area of economics. Here the Black Muslims have scored their most telling hits against the strategy of Martin Luther King. I heard a professor of mathematics, citing government statistics, compare the American economy to a train in which the Negro is the caboose and the number of cars between the caboose and the engine is constantly increased. The continued and heavy unemployment among low-income Negroes, which runs at a rate roughly two and a half times the rate among whites[4], provides the Muslims both arguments and recruits. It is difficult to see how direct or judicial action can affect this situation. Sweeping governmental action is called for, and the Negro is right to provide himself all possible leverage at the polls.

But the danger of a turn from civil disobedience to conventional politics should also be obvious. One has only to think back to the rapid alteration in the spirit of the labor movement during World War II to appreciate how quickly the civil-rights movement might lose its drive and *élan*. The organization of the C.I.O., while hardly nonviolent, was otherwise quite similar to the present surge of student action. The civil-rights movement could be patronized and tamed by Kennedy just as the labor movement was by Roosevelt. A tendency toward bureaucracy and toward a loss of vital contact with the rank-and-file is already apparent in the Southern civil-rights organizations, including the student groups. Commitment to the indirections and artificialities of the political game would rapidly accelerate this trend.

IS IT possible to steer between the Scylla of political abstention and the Charybdis of becoming an appendage of the Democratic Party?

The experience of an older civil-rights movement may provide a few clues. Abolitionism, too, passed through a decade of largely extra-political action until, with the formation of the Liberty Party in 1840, it embarked on the course which ended twenty years later with the election of Lincoln. The key to the Abolitionists' success may have been that, even after entering politics, they never abandoned direct action. The Fugitive Slave Law of 1850 made every citizen of the North liable to be deputized as a slave-catcher. By defying this law personally, even after the Supreme Court upheld it, Abolitionists kept alive the original spirit of their movement while their political involvement steadily increased.

One hopes, therefore, that as today's civil-rights movement turns toward political action, it will not wholly leave behind the spirit and practice of 1954-1961. Every legal and political gain in the struggle has required direct action to prod it into reality. Even the 1954 Supreme Court decision, which seemed to descend as manna from heaven, was partly, of course, a response to the

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[1] C. Vann Woodward, *The Strange Career of Jim Crow*, 2nd ed. (New York, 1957), p. 68; Margaret Price, *The Negro Voter in the South* (Atlanta, 1957), p. 5.

[2] Margaret Price, *The Negro and the Ballot in the South* (Atlanta, 1959), p. 9.

[3] John Hope Franklin, *Reconstruction After the Civil War* (Chicago, 1961), p. 80.

[4] See "Negroes and Jobs," *New York Post*, Mar. 25, 1962; Ernest Dunbar, "The Negro in America Today," *Look*, Apr. 10, 1962.

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civil disobedience of the Afro-Asian independence movements overseas. Throughout much of the South jail is, and will be for a long time, the place—as Thoreau said—where the man of principle will feel at home.

There is another way in which the spirit of nonviolence will have continuing relevance to the coming period of primarily political action. The curse of the American South has been the "rule-or-ruin" psychology which has repeatedly led its leaders to sacrifice the well-being of the South as a whole in order to retain the privileges of a class. By contrast, the political arm of the Southern civil-rights movement will presumably stand for the kinds of economic development, urban renewal and social welfare which benefit *all* Southerners. Just as during Reconstruction the freedmen were far readier to grant the vote to whites than were ex-Confederates to welcome Negro suffrage, so today the Southern freedom movement must be careful to concern itself with the blighting poverty of the poor white as well as with his Negro counterpart. Thus in politics, as well as in direct action, the movement can fulfill Dr. King's prophetic assertion that its mission is to lift the burden of segregation from black *and* white.

Abolitionists required the Mexican War and the Fugitive Slave Law to keep their spirits pure and their movement independent. Perhaps, so long as the party of Kennedy remains the party of Talmadge, Patterson and Eastland, we need not fear for the soul of the American civil-rights movement as it goes into politics. A good first step would be to run independent candidates at a local level, which the peace movement is already doing.

SUMMER CAMPS REVISITED . . *by Hermine G. Basnight*

THIS JUNE approximately 750,000 old footlockers were hauled out of basements all along the Eastern Seaboard, dusted off and stuffed with uniforms and equipment costing about $100 per locker; 9 million name tapes were somehow sewn or ironed on 9 million socks, and 750,000 children were tearfully (though not without a few signs of relief) kissed good-by at railroad stations and airline terminals—all in answer to the call of that perennial Pied Piper of contemporary America, the private summer camp.

Time was when the only reason to send a child to summer camp was a humane one: to get him off the hot New York City (or Boston or Philadelphia or New Haven) streets. Today camping, like everything else, is more complicated. The seemingly limitless ingenuity of camp directors has transformed camping into a sprawling, highly competitive, half-billion-dollar-a-year industry. Since World War II, camps, like other status symbols of an affluent economy, have mushroomed everywhere.

As near as anyone can figure out, 15,500 camps are accommodating 5.5 million kids throughout the United States this summer. Of these, 9,000 are agency and institutional camps serving 3.25 million children; 3,000 are day, school and church camps which cater to 1.5 million campers; and 3,500 private camps for the aforementioned 750,000. There are 500,000 counselors to keep an eye on the children. Add to this the medical, maintenance and kitchen personnel, and the figures climb even higher.

It all started about one hundred years ago when a New England schoolmaster took some boys out overnight for "an experience in outdoor living." But long gone are the days when a canvas tent or simple wooden cabin housed a hardy race of athletic, energetic campers from six to nineteen. Today's campers range from three to fourteen, with teen-agers given special consideration.

In the old days, camp was a potpourri of active sports (baseball, tennis, track, archery, volleyball, basketball, hiking, swimming, canoeing, life-saving) *and* fledgling cultural pursuits (dramatics, tap dancing, arts and crafts, nature study). The most exotic we got was "rifle-range practice," a euphemism for belly-flopping on old mattresses deep in the woods and shooting at Dr. Brown's Celery Tonic bottles. From dawn until dark we chorused songs, songs and more songs.

Yet with all the activities there was always plenty of time for staring at dragon flies, water beetles and June bugs, for listening to rain on the cabin roof. A daily rest hour was spent on blankets under the trees.

Other things I remember: listless girls applying calamine lotion to their poison ivy; the delicious round of three wholesome squares a day; miles of crepe paper; bathing caps; collapsible aluminum cups; flashlights; sweaters tied around the waist; tincture of green soap (for shampoos) dispensed by the camp Mother; nightly medical inspection (choice of mineral oil or milk of magnesia); cheery directors and counselors whom we called Uncle and Aunt and whom we adored.

The coeducational camp was unknown. In those days there was strict segregation of the sexes and the twain met en masse perhaps once a summer, for some discreet musicale. Siblings, of course, were brought together weekly if they attended nearby Brother and Sister camps. ("Did you bring my share of the Indian nuts?")

Camp was something else to me. It was there that I had my first intimations of Other Places, there that I first heard the lilting strains of a Brooklyn accent, the broad A of my New Haven bunkies, the charming drawl of an occasional counselor from the South. Slowly it

HERMINE G. BASNIGHT, daughter of a camp owner, spent her first twenty-one summers in camp as camper or counselor.

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dawned that there existed great variety beyond my own safe, happy world, a knowledge which serves me well to this day.

Nowadays, however, there are specialized camps catering to the Timid, the Overweight ("diet control, counseling, grooming, education in nutrition"), the Allergic, the Diabetic, the Underachiever ("to accelerate social, emotional and academic development"), the Mentally Retarded and the Organic Food Faddist. There are camps that stress Ballet, French, Music, Golf, Theatre ("weekly stage and dance performances, art exhibits, concerts"), Science and Nature ("geology, minerology, weather, rocketry"), Lab Work ("electronics, radio, chemistry, physics, biology, astronomy, photography"), Industrial Arts Shops ("auto, metal, wood, leather, ceramics"). One, calling itself The Salt Water Camp, keeps a fleet of sailboats.

As in today's schools, "social dedevelopment" and "individual-achievement incentives" are paramount. "Improvement guaranteed at all levels of play," boasts one camp. The long arm of Papa Freud pursues our kids far into field and stream. Many camps now have a Resident Psychologist as well as the usual M.D. and nurse. (No doubt he is busiest on opening week when, for the "First-Timer," separation from Mother and Father is felt most deeply. Many were the nights I listened in the dark to the sobs of my bunkmates. Or were the sobs I heard my own?)

CAMP directors tackle "the teen-age problem" in a variety of ways. These jaded packs of baby Bardots and miniature Mineos, who have freely sampled just about everything by the time they are fifteen, are given any of several titles: "Counselors-in-Training," "Staff Associates," "Camper-Waiters," "Junior Counselors." The object is clear: to give the girls a short break from cuticle-pushing and hair-teasing by letting them assist with the younger campers, and to take the boys' minds briefly off "making out" by giving them a few simple responsibilities.

Also geared to teen-agers is a camp which is, I kid you not, "the exclusive talent farm for Columbia Pictures"! An international camp in the Berkshires emphasizes "language study and orientation for European travel." Cross-country teen tours dash through Yosemite, the Grand Canyon and points West. There are canoe camps in northern Quebec, guided tours to Europe, the Caribbean and Mexico, not to mention the numerous "basketball clinics" supervised by famous coaches. There is even a baseball camp operated by a Major League team in its spring-training facilities at Vero Beach, Fla.

There are camps "for teen-agers only," for "those who have outgrown conventional camps." "Driver-training (dual-control car), forestry, farming (crops, tractors, animals), construction (eight-ten room building built each summer)" are some of their features.

A celebrated ex-model operates a summer finishing school, inviting girls to "vacation with a purpose while living in an elegant atmosphere on a magnificent estate." Experts teach how to "perfect your posture, improve your figure, polish your diction, style your hair, apply model-type [*sic*] make-up, increase your poise and personality."

Creeping in here and there is the "optional summer school program." Now Junior can cram for his August College Entrance Boards, brush up on study skills, improve his reading speed, make up flunked courses, and not miss out on any camp fun.

Among the numberless extras offered to teen-agers today are "planned socials (adult supervision)," water skiing, guitar instruction, small-game pet farm, scuba diving, "coketail parties," interior decoration, typing, ham radio, magic and roller skating.

The hands down, all time favorite,

however, is horseback riding. More and more camps today maintain their own stables. Man's fascination with the horse, which manifests itself somewhere around age two and starts to taper off around seventy-two, has given birth to herds of Ranch Camps. Parents are urged to "treat little cow-pokes to a fun-filled summer-long round-up. Weekly rodeos, real Western cowpunchers" (West Bronx?). "Packtrips, calf-roping," "trips by covered wagon," "daily riding," "Western work-vacation plan . . . help build a real Western town." "The solution to your child's Western life in the East!" One camp achieves the ultimate in fulfilling a kid's dream: "Own your own horse for unlimited riding. Fee includes bill of sale."

Quite another breed is the older, more established Riding Camp "for girls who love horses, who wish to ride them, care for them, show them" — the sort that Jacqueline Bouvier might have been sent to as a child.

ANOTHER dramatic change in camping is the final disappearance of the Vanishing American. It's a rare camp today that even mentions Indian lore in its prospectus, though that was the lifeblood of my own camping days. The first week in July we were divided into Indian tribes: Iroquois, Winonscapoomic, Taconic, Konkapoo. There followed weekly campfires with nature reports, Indian songs, legends, dances, leg wrestles, straight-face contests. Only the goodnight marshmallow, toasted to an inedible ash by us wide-eyed, blanket-swaddled, war-

(Continued on page 40)

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Stravinsky: a Flood of Genius

Benjamin Boretz

ON STRAVINSKY'S eightieth birthday, his image is as characteristically unique and unexpected as ever. Throughout his career he has appeared to us in successive positions that seemed contradictory, both in themselves and in relation to those that preceded them; it was only in retrospect that the consistency and logic of his development became evident. The dual aspect he now presents is perhaps the most unusual and the most apparently irreconcilable of all. On the one hand, he has already become a historical master whose existing works are a secure and important part of the permanent musical literature. But at the same time, he continues to function with his usual exuberance and vitality on every level of musical life: creative, practical and, lately, critical. It required an event as necessarily reflective as an eightieth birthday to provide an occcasion on which to contemplate his venerable historicity, instead of, as otherwise, breathlessly trying to keep pace with his current rate of activity.

To be sure, the new works that still come from him with metronomical regularity have all the freshness of new discovery, and thus hardly seem "historical" in any obvious sense. Indeed, their exploratory qualities are so manifestly original that it is a little startling to realize that these works, unlike those of every earlier period, have not directly affected the whole direction of contemporary composition. For although Stravinsky's recent music is full of arresting twelve-tone ideas and details that will engage intense interest for a long time to come, the basic compositional attitudes and the qualities of mind and ear with which it was composed are at last fully clear to us. It is precisely in this sense that, even as a living composer at the height of his powers, Stravinsky has become "historical": a new Stravinsky work is now no more nor, for that matter, any less problematic than would be a new Beethoven work—nor any less wonderful therefor.

But if composers today are primarily involved with concerns other than Stravinsky's, the very nature of their concerns is, in great part, a result of the knowledge and experience he has revealed. His enormous influence on the manner and style of twentieth-century music, especially during the crucially formative period between wars, is too conspicuous to require further discussion here. Plainly, Stravinsky is one of the only three composers of our century —the others, of course, are Schönberg and Webern—of whom it can be said, as it once was of Mozart, that after them music could never be the same.

NEVERTHELESS, some of the subtler aspects of Stravinsky's influence remain unexplored, perhaps for the very reason that obvious traces of his rhythmic, harmonic and formal procedures are so widely evident. It seems to me, for example, that much of our recent understanding of Schönberg and Webern, the discovery of their universality that has enabled their music to become the principal point of departure for postwar composition, was made possible by the direction of Stravinsky's development. For even though Schönberg's mastery and importance were always self-evident, most of the musical world was, all during his lifetime, unable to dissociate the chromaticism and complexity of his music from a stigma of expressionism and "revolutionary" modernism. Schönberg himself, despite his frequent insistence on his primary concern with order, was never able convincingly to stimulate a more careful evaluation of his atonal and twelve-tone music, especially since he continued, even in his latest period, to produce works whose subjects and text smacked inescapably of the melodramatic style of the *Stadtstheater*. Unfortunately, the lurid aspects of his *Survivor from Warsaw, Ode to Napoleon* and the "Chaos" movement from the multi-composer *Genesis* Suite made a far greater impression than did the subtleties of his violin and piano concertos, Fourth Quartet, violin-piano Phantasy, or String Trio.

Stravinsky, on the other hand, produced during the same time a series of works whose "Apollonian" diatonicism demonstrated, with unmistakable aural immediacy, that originality and modernity had nothing to do with revolution or disorder. These "neoclassic" works, which were clearly related in sound as well as in structural conception to traditional models, not only provided new insights into Classical music itself by finding in it unsuspected developmental possibilities, but also served to "classicize" our attitude toward contemporary music as a whole, at a time when it was generally assumed—and, sadly, by lesser composers as often as by the public—that its salient aspects were deliberate iconoclasm and chaos.

In the music that followed the "pure" neoclassicism — which culminated with the Concerto for two pianos (1935) and the Symphony in C (1940)—Stravinsky gradually infiltrated more chromatic elements into his predominantly diatonic style and began to develop formal procedures, already latent in some of the earlier works, that approached those of Schönberg. This tendency was particularly manifested in the Symphony in three movements of 1945, the Mass of 1948, the graveyard scene in *The Rake's Progress* and in sections of the 1951 Cantata. A kind of non-twelve-tone serialism based on canonic polyphony followed in the 1952 Septet, the 1953 Shakespeare Songs and the 1954 *In Memoriam Dylan Thomas*. His ultimate adoption of twelve-tone technique (principally via Webern), for all that it seemed a spectacular turnabout to the makers of facile controversy who saw all of contemporary music as a convenient, if fictitious, opposition between Schönberg and Stravinsky, was simply the final step in this progression. In following only his own creative necessities and predilections, Stravinsky reached a point where he was able to recognize and assimilate the "classicism" of Schönberg and Webern as akin to his own despite the meaningless contrast in sensibility. They became for him—and consequently for the rest of us—traditional masters, and he accepted their tutelage in the same way as he had previously accepted that of Bach, Mozart and Beethoven. Thus the true disciples of Stravinsky among today's composers, as distinct from the parasitic imitators of his various "styles," are those who have been guided by his powerful precept to concentrate on the development of the ideas of structural procedure and integrity implicit in the music of Schönberg and Webern as well as that of Stravinsky himself.

STRAVINSKY'S own celebration of his eightieth birthday is, quite naturally, another new work: a "Biblical allegory" for speakers, singers, chorus, orchestra and dancers entitled *The Flood*, whose only trace of octogenarian self-indulgence

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is that it was composed for television, and is therefore "popular" in approach. This is a situation in which Stravinsky has always delighted: to undertake a commission under what seem to be impossible conditions for serious composition, and then to turn them about into exactly what he wanted and needed to compose. He seems to take a special pleasure in carefully fulfilling the letter of such a commission so that the commissioner gets precisely what he has asked for, but hardly what he expected. Stravinsky's method is to reinterpret the traditional meanings of words in his own terms, with the same kind of meticulous rigor—and similarly fresh results—with which he re-examined traditional musical procedures in his compositions.

Thus when his publisher, during the twenties, requisitioned a "popular" work, Stravinsky decided that "popular" properly meant "universal" and so proceeded to set Latin psalms (universal poetry in a universal language) to music. The "popular" work that resulted was, of course, the Symphony of Psalms. Similarly (although with somewhat less spectacular musical results), when Woody Herman and Billy Rose commissioned Stravinsky during the forties, they were rewarded with the *Ebony* Concerto and the *Scènes de Ballet,* respectively.

BOTH THESE commissions, instead of "using" Stravinsky as intended, allowed him to discover, in the formulas of big-band jazz and Broadway, elements that he found congenial as compositional hypotheses, and which he elevated far beyond belief and even further beyond the capacities of his bewildered impresarios. Evidently *The Flood* appeared equally enigmatic to the people at Breck Shampoo and CBS Television, who jointly commissioned and presented it on June 14. Until that date, the merciless truncation performed by Billy Rose on *Scènes* to make it properly serviceable for his purposes seemed to set an unmatchable standard for inanity. Those responsible for the hour-long TV program entitled *Noah and the Flood,* however, managed even more effectively to prevent the least idea of the musical or dramatic nature of *The Flood* from being conveyed without actually having to change or omit a single note. Their technique was to crush the delicate and refined music of *The Flood*—which was a negligible fifteen-minute interlude within the "spectacular"—into insignificance between the millstones of a pseudo-profound anthropological prologue having to do with Flood Myths and a long, disorganized, totally inappropriate review of the Stravinsky-Balanchine collaboration. The remaining time was, of course, filled by Breck Shampoo commercials accompanied by their own distinctive, if uncredited, music.

Nevertheless, however extensive the damage done to mass culture, the essential fact is that a new and interesting Stravinsky work was called into being, and slipped unobtrusively past the heavy-footed promoters. This, of course, was part of Stravinsky's joke—an external counterpart of the "inside" games that run throughout *The Flood* and are an inseparable part of its speciality.

Generally, the public's idea of the "musical jokes" played by composers tends, quite inaccurately, to center on obvious buffooneries or on the suspicion that baffling difficulty and complexity themselves constitute a kind of tongue-in-cheek hoax. Such crude deceptions, however, exist only in the minds of audiences and in the works of composers whose own idea of "modern" music derives from what they read in the newspapers. Actually, a composer's deceptions are much more likely to take a subtle and quite opposite form in, for example, the invention of seemingly simple "effects" that can be accepted at face value, but which also evoke, beneath the surface, whole worlds of relevant and provocative associations. Mozart once wrote that he tried to compose enough bravura into his piano concertos to insure the applause of "the long-eared ones," but at the same time hoped that the ideas of real musical value he had worked into the texture would engage the interest of the *cognoscenti.*

THE RICHEST *double-entendre* in *The Flood* is unquestionably the whistling-wind music in the ballet section depicting the flood itself. This consists first of fragments, then the whole of a twelve-tone row is repeated in an insistent and literal *ostinato.* The idea works remarkably well as a "stage" effect, but its hidden appropriateness is still more fascinating. One is reminded of Classical "storm" music — Beethoven's *Pastorale* Symphony most notably—that inevitably included sweeping runs over the chromatic scale. A twelve-tone row is simply a particular arrangement of the notes of the chromatic scale, so that Stravinsky's twelve-tone storm is both twelve-tone and purely neoclassic. Again, the literal repetition of a row in its original form seems at first rather surprisingly crude in view of the subtlety of Stravinsky's customary twelve-tone practice. But it does conform to a prevalent popular misconception about twelve-tone music, and perhaps Stravinsky regarded it as only proper that in writing a "popular" twelve-tone work he make use of a "popular" idea of what this entails.

Altogether, this section is one of the most interesting and original in the work; the remarkable burbling flutter-tongue woodwind sounds (obviously intended to portray the aquatic aspect of the calamity) are the freshest instrumental sounds heard since *Movements.* But these also function on more than the simple level of onomatopoeia or striking sound-invention. They are, in fact, merely the central instance of the tremolo ideas around which the entire work is built. One seems to hear every possible variety of repeated sound, of which some are familiar from earlier Stravinsky works, but others are new. Up to now, Stravinsky seems to have avoided much explicit use of tremolo, probably because of its association with Romantic—and especially Wagnerian—cliché. Repeated-note figures have, however, become an important part of his recent vocabulary, notably in *Agon* and *Threni,* so that their central role and full-blown exploration in *The Flood* is yet another of Stravinsky's straight-line "turnabouts."

Stravinsky's intention to make *The Flood* his work of the tremolo is unmis-

where the boat passes, improvise

(for my son Adam)

he sits with Stone the Death
and munches by the Door

will he eat papyrus
in the drummer's hallway?

he leaves me I'm sad he climbs
the needle to see;

what an eye! careful
now rope-dancer

how the desert holds
Adam the Egypt, dancing

flyboy in a groove, light
pyramid rock oh

cries in the corridor
once more —

Stone the Death
plays an old song —

he'll jump through he'll turn rings
he sits among the many
figurines, he leaves me.

They bow they count;
how long it takes;

they sail quietly they
sail quietly

Armand Schwerner

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takable from the very outset; the string tremolandos of the opening section, introducing the story of the Creation, remind one of the "thick fogs" of the "Chaos" section of Haydn's *Creation,* a parallel that was probably intentional. Another level of the tremolo idea is the recurrence throughout the work of a characteristic series of chords. In the dialogue between God and Noah, these chords themselves are played as tremolos over the wonderful, slow drum-roll that always presages and accompanies the voice of God—or rather voices, since it was Stravinsky's happy idea to have God speak in a two-voice, polyphonic texture resembling the medieval motet. Despite the originality of the idea, these, as well as some of the other vocal passages, seem to me rather literal and square in comparison with the instrumental sections. Quite obviously, any such weaknesses are purely internal, and have nothing to do with any deficiency in the underlying "Gothic" conception, as has somewhere been suggested. One wonders how such a judgment could ever have occurred to anyone, given the overwhelming evidence to the contrary provided by the Mass, *Canticum Sacrum* and *Threni.*

To return to the tremolos: the "Building of the Ark" ballet section, which reminds me of the opening and last three sections of *Agon* and also parts of *Threni,* begins with pairs of repeated sounds, then gradually builds up into a varitable polyphony of tremolos going at various speeds (the five successive horn blasts are unforgettable), and then subsides into pairs again. After the "Flood" section itself, where nearly every note is attacked with a flutter, a roll or a tremolando, the opening sections are reintroduced—a structural parallel of the repetition of notes and the recurrences of chords. The final words of Noah's last speech, "And so a world begins to be," occasion the return of the opening Creation music, and the cycle seems to begin again, with the reprise of Satan's music (Satan's "pride" is like Oedipus' by way of the Shakespeare Songs) and, finally a second choral "Sanctus." The linear twelve-tone idea that opens the work also presides over the fading-out textural dissolution with which *The Flood* ends.

OBVIOUSLY, such a descriptive glance hardly begins to probe into the significant aspects of a new work; a fuller evaluation must await the publication of the score. From the recording alone, *The Flood* seems at least to contain some of the most distinguished movie music ever written. However, the degree to which even after only a few hearings one begins to discover hints of an inner web of tight and complex associations leads me to suspect that in *The Flood,* as in every other Stravinsky work, major or minor, there is far more than immediately meets the ear.

Listed below, without comment, are some recent recordings of Stravinsky's music that I find particularly interesting. Although the recordings are not all without weaknesses (some are to be found even in the performances conducted by Stravinsky himself), all at least genuinely represent the works named on the label—a virtue by no means to be taken for granted under present circumstances.

Stravinsky Recordings

The Flood (1962); Mass (1948). Columbia Symphony Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft. Columbia ML 5757 (mono) MS 6357 (stereo).

Monumentum pro Gesualdo (1960). Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia KL 5718 (mono) KS 6318 (stereo).

Symphony in three movements (1945); Violin Concerto (1931). Isaac Stern, violin; Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia ML 5731 (mono) MS 6331 (stereo).

Works for Two Pianos and Four Hands: Concerto for two pianos (1935); Sonata for two pianos (1944); Eight easy pieces. Gold and Fizdale, pianists. Columbia ML 5733 (mono) MS 6333 (stereo).

Jeu De Cartes (1936). Boston Symphony Orchestra, Charles Munch, cond. Victor LM/LSC 2567.

Serenade in A (1925); Sonata (1924). Charles Rosen, piano. Epic LC 3792 (mono) BC 1140 (stereo).

Concerto for piano and wind orchestra (1924). Seymour Lipkin, piano; New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia ML 5729 (mono) MS 6329 (stereo).

Le Rossignol (opera in three acts) (1914). Opera Society of Washington, D.C. Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia KL 5727 (mono) KS 6327 (stereo).

Le Sacre du Printemps (1912). Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Igor Stravinsky cond. Columbia ML 5719 (mono) MS 6319 (stereo).

Petroushka (1911, revised 1947). Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia ML 5732 (mono) MS 6332 (stereo).

Firebird (1910). Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia ML 5728 (mono) MS 6328 (stereo).

Science as Literature

THE TANGLED BANK: Darwin, Marx, Frazer and Freud As Imaginative Writers. By Stanley Edgar Hyman. Atheneum Publishers. 492 pp. $10.

Hans Meyerhoff

DARWIN, Marx and Freud—as we should know by now—were among the most influential thinkers of our time. Mr. Hyman has added Frazer to this triad of seminal minds in order to propose the novel thesis that "the power and influence of their ideas is due in some substantial part to their ability as imaginative writers." This means that the basic concepts they employed in their respective theories were expressed—to a "substantial part," at least—in metaphorical language. Thus Darwin's "struggle for existence" is a metaphor as he himself recognized; so is his vision of "the great Tree of Life" with its ever-growing and dying branches; and so is his image of "the tangled bank" from which this study derives its title.

Mr. Hyman states repeatedly that, as a literary critic, he is concerned only with the imaginative-metaphorical language in the works discussed, not with their scientific significance. In this sense, he asks us to read *The Tangled Bank* as "a work of literary criticism," not as a study in the "history of ideas." This is not quite correct; for "ultimately," as he says in his conclusion, for him "the language of ideas is metaphor, and essentially metaphor." In other words, his book is a study in the history of ideas after all—ideas expressed in metaphors; and I am sure it will be read and appreciated, not as literary criticism, but as a contribution to an understanding of ideas which have changed the modern mind.

The Tangled Bank is a "big" book, both in size and in content, into which Mr. Hyman has poured a prodigious amount of work and erudition and which

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deserves to be taken seriously as an ingenious approach to a relatively familiar subject. However, in order to take it seriously one cannot but think critically about its central thesis: to treat scientific ideas as if they were metaphors and to interpret scientific works as if they were literature. I have serious doubts about this metaphorical method of analysis, impressed though I am by the wealth of material brought together in this volume and by many subtle points of interpretation. In a brief review I can deal only with a small segment of a project conceived and executed on such a large scale. Let's skip Marx and Freud for a change (and Frazer as well) and see how Mr. Hyman's method works in his analysis of Darwin.

HOW GOOD a case does he have for converting, say, *The Origin of Species* into a work of imaginative literature? And what happens as a result of this conversion? What, in brief, do we learn by means of this new method? I have chosen Darwin because, among other reasons, Mr. Hyman's treatment of the *Origin* sent me back to rereading it in order to check my own impressions against his puzzling analysis. Why check on the original? First, because Mr. Hyman's metaphorical reading of the *Origin* converts it into a myth conveying "a new religious message, a new testament or covenant"—whereas I naively remembered it as striking a liberating blow against the prevailing religious view of the world. Second, because I thought that the *Origin* (whatever else it is) was a classic in modern science; yet nobody reading Mr. Hyman's account of it would guess that it is or why it is a scientific classic. These two points cannot be discussed without some documentation in detail.

1. When Darwin sums up—in the *last* paragraph of his work—the various "laws" which he has postulated: Growth, Reproduction, Inheritance, Variability, Struggle for Life and Natural Selection, Mr. Hyman refers to this catalogue as "Darwin's Leviticus." Now whether Darwin was right or not, this way of reading him cannot but cause confusion as to what is meant by laws of nature and laws in Leviticus—i.e., in society. The former are descriptive; the latter prescriptive. Darwin himself is perfectly clear about how he is using the word "law": it refers to "the sequence of events as ascertained by us." This has nothing to do with the laws in Leviticus; hence, the literary-religious analogy is quite misleading.

2. Though Darwin himself recognizes that "it is difficult to avoid personifying the word Nature" and then goes on to submit a straightforward, neutral definition: "I mean by Nature, only the aggregate action and product of natural laws," Mr. Hyman disregards this warning and treats "Nature" as if it were nothing but a personal deity for Darwin, a Mother-Goddess "substituted for God the Father." Perhaps that is so; perhaps I simply don't hear the voice of the great Earth-Mother speaking through her "prophet" Darwin, but I do know that the implications drawn from this religious reading of the *Origin* only add to my being confused about the meaning of the work.

3. Thus I am told that, "in reality, of course, Darwin's teleology is as sacred and supernatural as Paley's," and I can only say, of course not! If we use the word "teleology" at all in the context of Darwin's thought, the reader should be warned that this use is radically different from its meaning in Paley and in St. Thomas. In fact, it is the final overthrow of teleology in the religious sense; for after Darwin we need no longer appeal to Divine Providence to account for the "really wondrous and beautiful organization" of nature. Instead we explain it in terms of action and reaction between organism and environment. That is the very antithesis of a "sacred and supernatural" principle.

4. The matter gets even more confusing when we consider Mr. Hyman's translations of other harmless and neutral passages into the language of religion. When Darwin says that "natural selection works solely by and for the good of each being" thus promoting, by *its own power* "progress toward perfection," Mr. Hyman thinks this is to be understood by analogy with the saying of Jesus: "Be ye perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect"—except that we must substitute "Mother" and "earth" for "Father" and "heaven." Again, when Darwin is unhappy about the use of "metaphorical" concepts still needed in biology and hopes that these concepts will be replaced some day by terms having "a plain signification," Mr. Hyman thinks that this is "*clearly* [my italics] the voice of Paul in I Corinthians: 'For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face.'" Finally, when Darwin points out that natural selection works through the slow and steady accumulation of small inherited modifications, Mr. Hyman infers that this is "essentially . . . the morality of such beatitudes as 'Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.'" I can only cite some of these extreme and puzzling cases of analogical exegesis and must leave it to the reader to decide for himself whether this metaphorical method of analysis helps to clarify or to confuse things.

THESE difficulties, I believe, derive from a more deep-seated defect inherent in Mr. Hyman's method. To repeat, he explicitly restricts himself to the task of analyzing his four thinkers "as imaginative writers," not as scientists; but he does not indicate that this restriction entails a highly selective reading of their works. (In the case of the *Origin* most of his evidence is drawn from the last two paragraphs and from one chapter. Unfortunately, there are no page references to sources cited. This is more than a pedantic complaint in a critical study which—for long stretches—is a collection of lengthy quotations.) Now there is nothing wrong with this principle of

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selection as such; what is wrong or, more precisely, what makes for an extremely one-sided and prejudicial reading of a work like *The Origin of Species* —and the same argument applies, *mutatis mutandis,* to the major works of the other thinkers as well—is that this selection in terms of literary metaphors is not weighed against the evidence and language used in a strictly scientific context. This avoids the central issue at stake in this kind of analysis: what *is* the relationship between the two types of discourse—science and literature? Failure to confront this question creates a serious imbalance in the critical performance. Thus I came away from reading this account of Darwin, Marx, Frazer and Freud with the impression that they were nothing but great rhetoricians and myth-makers when, in effect, they were demythologizing, debunking and liberating spirits.

Looking at the *Origin* again, the ordinary reader, I submit, is struck not by the imaginative metaphors proliferating in it, but by something altogether different: by Darwin's painstaking efforts to accumulate empirical evidence in support of his own theory (and against the theory of special creation), by Darwin's detailed and patient replies to objections raised against his theory, by his disarming admissions of difficulties and areas of ignorance requiring further research, by the tentative, hypothetical attitude adopted and the open mind revealed in the work as a whole. In short, *The Origin of Species* is a great work in the methodology of science—i.e., in how to write a scientific treatise—not a new dogma or a dramatic work in literature.

Its key metaphor, the struggle for life, is a very plain and simple thing, a common observation derived from the world and language of ordinary life—not from Greek drama. What is extraordinary about Darwin, and a testimony to his creative powers as a scientist, was that he took this ordinary notion—in the absence of a technical vocabulary—and linked it with a vast body of evidence (both observed and inferred) so that it could become the cornerstone of a scientific system which, as Mr. Hyman admits himself, has been "strengthened rather than weakened" by later discoveries. Why? Because, in its "substantial part," Darwin's theory was more—or perhaps less—than an imaginative vision of man's place in the universe. ("Less" because there is much more to be said on this subject than may be found in the pages of the *Origin.*)

YET it would be unfair to Mr. Hyman to overlook the cumulative evidence he presents in support of his own thesis. The four thinkers included in this study were imaginative writers of great power and persuasion. They did use metaphors (i.e., literary language) in the conceptual structure of their scientific systems. Mr. Hyman is also right, I think, in showing that they had a "vision" of life as a whole and in suggesting that this vision, whether imaginative or philosophical, does make a difference in the human sciences from biology to psychology and history. But we cannot simply make this crucial point without asking what it means; for unless we are very careful in applying it to a specific thinker, we run the risk of blurring all distinctions between respectable and valid work, on the one hand, and the work of crackpots and charlatans, on the other.

Mr. Hyman, I think, comes close to blurring this distinction in his remarks about the truth-value of the various theories discussed in *The Tangled Bank.* "The ideas of Darwin, Marx, Frazer and Freud," he concludes, "are then as true as any ideas that explain our world to our satisfaction." This is a dubious doctrine: "our satisfaction" is not an adequate criterion for judging whether a scientific hypothesis, Darwin's or Einstein's, is true; if it were, I don't see where we draw the line between sense and nonsense. Again, this doctrine seems to succumb to the confusion—so common in our culture—between psychological and logical issues in the worlds of science and literature. Thus Mr. Hyman continues: "If they [i.e., these ideas] arose out of the thinker's own nature, if Darwin projected his slow-and-steady personality on nature or Freud his wishful childhood, we can be sure of similar personal correlations underlying even Euclid's geometry and Newton's mechanics." Now Euclid's *personality* has absolutely nothing to do with the *validity* of geometry just as Newton's theology has nothing to do with the validity of the law of nature he discovered. (The same applies to the "validity" of a great work in literature.)

Psychological factors are of course instrumental, perhaps decisive, in *making* scientific discoveries. (There is no better case in point than Freud's famous self-analysis.) Yet they do not establish the truth of these discoveries. This matter is much more complicated, especially in the human sciences, than I can here indicate. Nevertheless, some such simple distinction must be kept in mind lest we convey a seriously misleading impression of what the great scientific minds to whom mankind owes so much actually achieved in and through their work. They did not preach "a new religious message"; they did not write great works of literature. Thus we do them (and ourselves) an injustice if we do not recognize them for what they were and are: not preachers, but teachers; not dramatists, but critics; not myth-makers, but liberators. There is no simple solution to the human problem of our time posed by the encounter between science and literature. Perhaps we make an initial move in the right direction if we go back to the original works them-

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To say sky
as one says
water. To
pour it in—
to a cup
and hold it
at the lips
and drink. Of
it. And at
sundown to
drink it a-
gain as wine.

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selves and see them face to face instead of reading and thinking about them through a glass darkly; for it is very doubtful whether we are doing anything to clarify matters in science *or* in literature by confusing their respective functions and significance.

DESIGN

Walter McQuade

IT IS about time the Museum of Modern Art had a cattle show. They have that fine backyard for pens; the fences could be whitewashed, with perhaps a slight touch of umber. Beef cattle are really massively elegant. They're man-made objects, at least in the case of breeds like the King Ranch *Santa Gertrudis*. They're terribly tactile; they move, too, like Tinguely's sculpture. They moo. Steers are, in short, loaded with sensate spectator enjoyment for the upper masses.

This thought came to me as I went, very late in its run, to the museum's display of sporting objects (an object is not quite an *objet d'art*, but almost) set up from May 15 to July 31 in a tent in the museum yard, beyond the pools of black water and the upside-down trees of the museum garden. I went to the museum one noon recently in an unplanned way. A banker friend of mine surprised me by suggesting we take lunch there. He is trying to lose weight, and so has joined the museum, where no cocktails are to be had but only salads. Upstairs in the members' lunchroom he ate his in the time it took me to sprinkle salt on mine, then sat staring moodily across the table at my plate. Afterwards we went out on the penthouse porch, and looked out above the Public Library across the street toward Rockefeller Center and the rear of the buildings on 52nd Street. I pointed out the back side of the 21 Club, somewhat vindictively, I admit, but principally because of the top of the forest of air-conditioning ductwork still visible on its back wall. When the site of the library was cleared several years ago, the full interweaving of this fantastic sheet metal became visible for a time. Like the looming, unplanned roofs of some of Manhattan's old movie palaces, it has as much subconscious force as some of the sculptures displayed in the museum.

After a while, we drifted downstairs through the collections, and the Picasso show, which was enough to silence us, even to take our eyes off the girls. I have little capacity for seeing a great deal of art; more than a few intensely charged paintings at a time make me nervous, unless they are displayed in as domestic a surrounding as, say, the Phillips Gallery in Washington. But this doesn't matter much at the Museum of Modern Art. You can always retreat and savor those girls, standing with their feet this way and that, studying the canvases, very stylish, very endearing. The show of representational art on the first floor rang false, as compared with Picasso and the audience, and so we soon wandered out to the formal garden and headed for the sport show.

THE eighty-foot-square tent, as we approached it, was quite beautiful. The flaps were up and we could see inside where backgrounds of vivid color, well lighted, outlined such ingratiating objects as a full-size sailplane hung ten feet or so off the tanbark. And it was tanbark underfoot, smelling very good.

The first object that drew us was a red Formula Junior Lotus racing car, designed by Colin Chapman, a magnificent little thing, with bigger rear wheels than front ones, a fact which seemed almost to plunge it into action. My companion, who has a banker's quota of children, said: "Buy me one, Dad." Next to the racing car was a harness racing sulky, exquisitely made, but rather lifeless without a trotter up front.

Then we looked at such objects as a fish-landing net—a tired tennis racket, said the banker. There were weapons: bows, shotguns, a saber. Then boats, beached behind a low railing. These included a gimmicky round motor boat from Japan (funnier than it was handsome), racing shells and a hydroplane with fast curves. Then clothing, a good deal of which was for under water, and all of it very neatly made. Then a whole wall of various kinds of gloves, including a pair of hockey gauntlets arranged decorously (they might have been holding a rose), and it was here that the vague doubts about this show began to become more precise. The only thing which really bound all these objects together was the vague, pleasant word, sport. Their design parenthood was very mixed. Here was a boomerang, shaped by the trip it had to take; but there was an outboard motor, with a set of little lines drawn on it—I would guess by an industrial designer. It was a confusing theatrical revue, not an instructive museum show with any real point. Someone had reached for an aesthetic but had not grasped it.

The comedy came easily. A wall of gloves, almost any gloves, would be diverting, for they offer the mockery of uninhabited clothing. (The baseball gloves and masks, all new and oilless, did not come off, however; they just looked solemnly preposterous.) The people at this museum know so well how to nail things to a wall that I wish they would make a similar exhibition of baby equipment: let us say, those cunningly engineered baby bottles, cribs, hats, etc. If they ever do, I have a couple of little children I'd like to bring up to see it. They'll find it uproarious.

By now we had circled the tent to the start, under that sailplane. Hanging in the air it seemed almost to be in motion. The racing car was so dynamic, it too evoked a functional excitement. But that was about all, except a cocked crossbow that had the suspense of use about it. As we left the tent, we stopped to read the comments introducing the show. The second paragraph:

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from those used by skilled technicians, satisfactory performance is equated with convenience. A vacuum cleaner, for example, requires no special skill on the part of the housewife who uses it, and indeed would be considered unfunctional if it did.

I copied this down for the benefit of my wife and we departed. Next week, tropical fish? Dental bridgework?

Summer Camps

(Continued from page 33)

painted innocents, was a product of Paleface culture.

With a few big exceptions (Scout camps, YMCA, YWCA, *Herald Tribune* Fresh Air Fund camps, which are non-sectarian and interracial), camping today is a religiously segregated affair. Parents, fearful that the insidious lessons of democracy have been learned too well all winter in the homogenized public schools, hustle their kids off to private camps where they can "stick to their own kind." It's not hard to know which camps are which. In fact, they are even grouped accordingly in the advertising pages of *The New York Times* Sunday Magazine. The discreet "dietary laws observed," the hearty "fine food from our Jewish-American chuckwagon," "Friday-night services," "resident priest," "Jesuit chaplain," "Sunday School," "Protestant services" and the always helpful "near churches" are guideposts for the parent confronted with the decision of choosing from among those thousands of camps.

But with all the differences between camp "when I was a girl" and the air-conditioned Utopias-in-the-Adirondacks of today, there are still a few die-hards. One no-nonsense place, sounding more like an anthropological field trip than a vacation spot, says starkly, "Primitive Living. Cultural Expansion." One even advertises such old-fashioned pursuits as fishing and hunting. Another puts emphasis on "helping boys become self-reliant in the out-of-doors." (No transistor radios, please.) There are still a few Work Camps. (In the old days one heard of serious Ethical Culture families that sent their children off to Work Camps to Do Something Worth-while: clean out coops, build roads, paint barns; sort of an early-day Peace Corps.)

But for the most part, camp is a pretty soft business these days. "All the comforts of home added to the fun of camping" is the way one ad puts it. "No mosquitoes, no poison ivy, no pollen" wildly promises another. Many camps have filtered Olympic swimming pools, heated cabins. "Roughin' it in comfort" is today's motto.

Where will it end? How far will we go in imposing adult interests on our kids, in robbing them of their childhood? Will the camp of the future offer Make-Up and Hair-Styling for Freshman Girls, Baby-Care Classes for Intermediates, Cold-War Strategy for Senior Boys, Beginning Dentistry for Sophomore Boys (qualified girls may apply) and Pre-Marital Counseling for Camper-Waiters?

Can childhood memories really be manufactured from this over-organized, adult-oriented jumble? Maybe it's time we gave the camps back to the kids. Shouldn't we, as parents, begin to re-examine our concept of childhood in terms of the old ways and the old words: simplicity, innocence, naïveté, modesty, quietude, wistfulness, joy? Hadn't we better see to it that our children enjoy languid, carefree, sweet summer idleness while they may?

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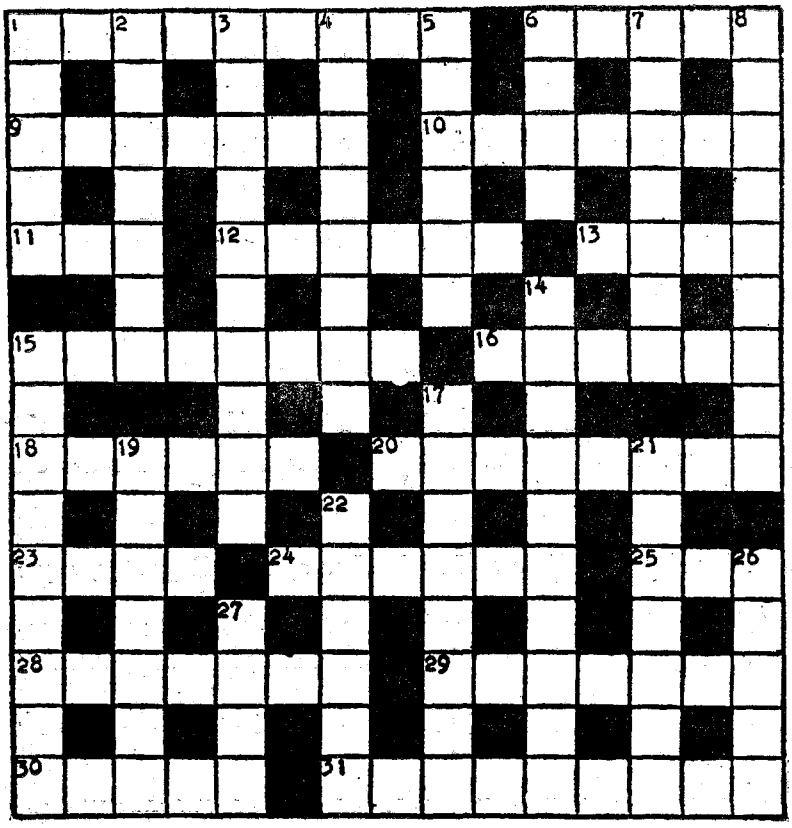
By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 See 31 across
6 Squabbled, but without any past evidence of gory details at the dinner-table, perhaps. (5)
9 Fiendish deeds when Atlas does? (7)
10 Over-the-counter affair in favor of a minor prophet, by the sound of it.
11 and 6 down A period with certain evidence of at least one mistake!
12 and 27 What Jack's partner did might be associated with a shack. (6-4)
13 and 15 down Are they sometimes described with a great deal of spirit? (4, 9)
15 See 1 down
18 Matthew Arnold said we move on a rigorous line in some unknown Power's. (6)
20 In any opening work, these masters might fit nicely. (8)
23 and 24 Certainly not a full-time employee of a well-known dive. (4, 6)
25 and 2 down It might be inappropriate to be third, possibly. (3, 2, 5)
28 The way rain splashes on the sash in Africa? (7)
29 Was Watts' hour for improvement.
30 Battle model? It might describe the body. (5)
31, 16, and 1 across Implying Clara Bow's old commodity can be obtained in vast quantities on the current stage. (1, 3, 3, 2, 3, 3, 9)

DOWN:

1 and 15 across A singularly pale version of 13 and 15 down is probably not wanted. (5, 8)
3 Once he cuts out of it, it's not supposed to be stained. (10)
4 What undertakers might be doing seems arrogant. (8)
5 Fondle, in a way, and embrace. (6)
6 See 11 across
7 Light, perhaps but practically a necessary ingredient. (7)
8 The unconscious aspects of some reviews? (9)
14 Harmonizing, but not for arrangement. (10)
17 Taken by some, though a game's in process. (8)
19 Your friends die, in a way, almost paralyzed. (7)
21 The first person is very important to him. (7)
22 Society has this for the main part, if you're thinking insularly. (6)
26 Secure condition in which to see 13 and 15 down. (5)
27 See 12 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 970

ACROSS: 1 Forbidden fruit; 9 Tenaces; 10 Testate; 11 Evilly; 12 Frontier; 14 and 15 Guard of honor; 17 Dodge; 19 Extorts; 21 Restarts; 26 Printer; 27 Dress designers. DOWN: 1 Fatheaded; 2 and 8 Running gear; 3 Inculcate; 5 Net profits; 6 Resin; 7 Italian; 13 Advertised; 15 Harboring; 16 Redstarts; 18 Despair; 20 Scuttle; 21 Rote; 22, 25 across, 4 down and 23 across Ashes to ashes, dust to dust; 24 Apis.

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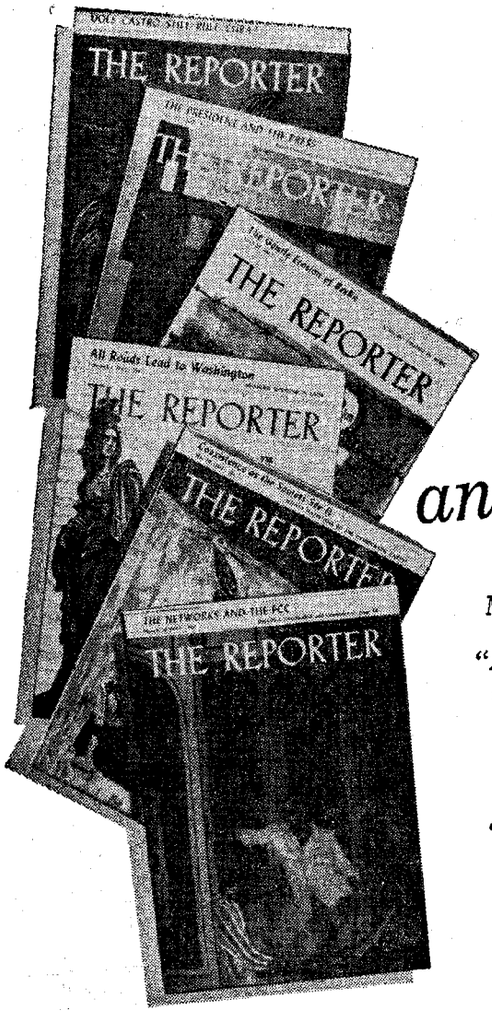

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